White Cloud Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. } THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION. { TERMS---$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I. { WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1857. { NUMBER 25.

Choice Poetry.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

Beside an unfrequented road,
The rustic school-house stood—
Its modest front and moss-grown roof
Half hidden in the wood.
Around its latticed windows clung
Sweet flowers and fragrant vines;
And just in front—like sentinels—
Grew two protecting pines.

Few travellers e'er passed that spot,
But stopped awhile, to gaze
Upon a scene that brought to mind
Their happy school-boy days.
And some o'er turned away, but left
A blessing and a prayer
For both the teacher and the taught,
Who daily gathered there.

It was my lot, one Summer morn,
To journey o'er this road,
And there for fall an hour or more,
I rested with my load.
One after another, across the fields,
The tidy children ran,
Ambitious to secure their seats,
Before the school began.

A score of faces, bright and clean,
Soon gathered at the door—
A happier group I've seen not since,
And never saw before.
The merry shout, the ringing laugh,
With music filled the air—
And my sad heart forgot its grief,
The sinless glee to share.

But soon a watchful child proclaimed
The mistress near at hand,
And murmurs of delight were breathed
Throughout the little band.
I'll ne'er forget that lovely face—
I see it yet in dreams—
And ever to my spirit's eye,
An angel face it seems.

As rapidly she pressed the turf,
And passed the easy stiles,
Her glowing cheeks and rosy lips
Were wreathed with radiant smiles.
Amid her charge she stood at last—
Each answered to her call;
Her usual greeting then I saw—
A kiss from one and all.

This o'er, she led them in, and soon
Low murmurs filled the air;
I listened, breathless and in awe,
To her impassioned prayer.
The sweet "amen" the children said,
And then a hymn they sung—
And then I heard the studious hum,
From every busy tongue.

I trust I was a better man,
When I resumed my way;
And never shall my heart forget
The lesson of that day.
O, God! on that young teacher's head,
Let thy best gifts descend;
As she to those young, sinless souls,
Be thou to her, a friend.

Select Tale.

A NIGHT IN MARION'S CA[MP]

BY HENRY BUCKINGHAM,

Author of "Tales and Traditions of New York."

"Our band is few, but brave and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles,
When Marion's name is told."—SEYANT.

An American officer and his guide had just crossed the Santee in safety, and reached the lower bank. It wanted about two hours of sunset, and everything around looked beautiful and blooming, though wild. Here lay a green savannah skirted by a gloomy swamp on one side—on the other a thick forest of black jack, persimmon trees and lofty oaks. Beneath them rolled the sluggish Santee, confined to a narrow channel, for the season was dry. A boatman lingered by his skiff, with his paddle upraised, as if anxious to recross.

"Here, then, Major," said the guide, "I leave you. An hour and a half will take you to the camp of Marion."

"But you have not told me the route."

"That I am about to do."

"Be particular in the description, for it is of great importance to the two Carolinas and Virginia, that I see Marion to-night. Remember Gen. Green's injunction."

"I do; and Bill Simmons is too much of an American to fail at this hour. The general has ever trusted me and found me faithful, and I am not going to back out at this time. Come this way," he said, glancing at the boatman. "We cannot be too cautious. Tarleton has spies and listeners everywhere."

He led the officer some distance from the bank where no one could approach them, and said in a low tone of voice—

"You will take the main road which you see before you, running through the woods. Follow it some three quarters of a mile, and you will come to a pond. About a hundred yards further along the road beyond the pond, you will reach a swamp thicket to the left, where two or three immense wild grape vines cross the road. You cannot miss the place, for a solitary pine tree blasted by lightning, stands on the road side.—Pull the centre of the grape vines carefully, and you will see a narrow path about wide enough for yourself and horse. Proceed along, and you will be challenged. Do not be alarmed if you should not see the challenger, and be firm when you pull up."

"Well, what next?" inquired the officer."

"When challenged, reply, "the wolves are out." You will then most likely be asked what you want?"

"What is to be my answer?"

"Say 'protection from the wolves.'"

"Will the challenger then show himself?"

"Most likely; but if he should not, he will tell you to remain where you are quietly. He may be absent a short time to inform the picket officer in the vicinity, of your presence."

"And I must not move, I suppose, Bill?"

"No, because you will be watched, and a movement will create suspicion. Marion's men are quick on the trigger; and they make no hesitation in putting a ball through any one's head if they only imagine him to be a spy or foe. To think is to do with them—it is second nature."

"Never fear for me. Jack Castleton will be a favorite with Marion's men before three hours are passed, and drinking corn whiskey, and supping on a slice of venison with them on right jolly terms."

"Ah! Major, you will be 'Mad Jack,' as your men call you, forever. It puzzles me that such a warm-hearted man ever drew his breath in New England, instead of old South Carolina."

"Why, Bill, we eastern Yankees are not all icicles, as you sometimes suppose. But see, the sun is sinking, so good bye, Bill. Tell the General where you left me, and thus far things come right." He threw down a quarter joe, put spurs to his horse, and rode furiously into the woods, without waiting for a reply.

"There goes a noble-hearted officer," muttered Bill to himself, as he picked up the money. "He needs this piece of gold more than I do, yet his generosity would not let him keep it."

He reached the bend of the river, was ferried over by the boatman, and was soon on his return to the camp of Greene. In the meanwhile Major Jack made his way along the swamp as fast as he could; but the vines and overhanging branches of trees and underbrush impeded the movements of his horse very much. He was near half an hour getting to the pond described by his guide. At a short distance he observed the blasted pine standing out in lofty perspective as the sinking sunbeams fell upon its desolate top, and he soon came abreast the grape-vines which overhid the path, as described by Bill Simmons.

Dismounting, he pulled them aside, and saw before him a narrow passage just wide enough for him to ride alone. Replacing the grape-vines carefully, so as to leave no sign of his entrance, he again mounted his steed. The path was thickly skirted with sassafras, ivy, or laurel, and wild sumach bushes, with here and there thick scrub oak, chestnut and hickory trees. Thousands of forest flowers of every hue and perfume scented the air, and mingled with the noxious vapors of the surrounding swamps. It was nature in her wildest scale, blending health and death together. Now and then a huge black snake or moccasin would cross his path with erected head and gleaming fiery eyes, as they disappeared amid the slimy passages. Wood pigeons and birds of various plumage flew over, uttering their various notes as they sought the deep recesses of the forest for the night's roost. The officer fell into a reverie as he slowly proceeded on, for he was thinking of his New England home, and the contrast in the climate and cultivation of the two portions of his native land. Suddenly he roused himself from his day-dreams. He heard the sharp click of a rifle trigger.

"Who goes there, and what do you want?" said a deep stern voice.

The young officer looked round. He could not tell from whence it proceeded—whether from the air or under the ground—it became sudden and startling upon his ear.

"The wolves are out."

"Well, and what do you want here?"

"Protection from the wolves."

"Remain where you are, and do not move. Stir not, or it may be the worse for you. You will see me soon."

The officer observed the branches of a thick scrub oak on the right of the path to be somewhat agitated, as if a person was descending, but he could see no one. He remained quiet, as ordered, for the space of five minutes, when he heard the neigh of a horse, and the near sound of his hoofs. In a few seconds there rode through the thicket into the cleared path a single horseman. He was a young man, not more than five and twenty years old in appearance, with a frank, handsome, bold countenance, his complexion deeply embrowned with the heat of a vertical Carolina sun. He wore a fox skin cap, the tail of which hung down behind, and on the side was a large buff and blue cockade. His dress was a fringed buckskin hunting skirt, extending half way down the thighs, with leggins of the same material. On his left shoulder was a tarnished silver epaulette, and a silver sash was tied in a bow-knot around his waist, from which hung a sabre in a leathern scabbard.—Slung across his saddle-bow, his finger on the trigger, lay a long rifle, that had often brought down a noble buck at five hundred yards. His whole appearance denoted that he was an officer of Marion's legion. He glanced at the Major, and, raising his left hand, gracefully touched his cap.

"From whence came you, sir?" he asked.

"Am I addressing one of Marion's officers?"

"You are."

"I belong to Gen. Greene's staff, whose camp I left yesterday, and bear both written and verbal messages from the Commander-in-chief of the sourthern army to Marion."

"Excuse me, sir; but I cannot pass you until I have some evidence that you are what you say. Do not," he added in a tone of suavity, "think that I doubt your word; but in war, and the way it is now carried on in this unfortunate South, brothers can hardly trust each other. Let me see the address of your dispatches. I am well acquainted with Gen. Greene's hand-writing, for when in camp, among my many duties, I act as Marion's secretary."

Major Castleton opened his valise, and drew forth a bundle of dispatches.

"They are certainly the hand-writing of Greene," said the officer, as he glanced over the direction of the letters. "All is right. Follow me."

They rode a short distance, conversing on affairs relating to the movements of the army until they reached a little open glade, where three or four men were on picket duty.

"I am sorry," said the officer, halting, "that I cannot accompany you to camp; but I am on picket guard, and shall not be relieved for an hour. My men are so few just at this time, I must not spare one even as a guide for you; but the path into the swamp is so direct that you cannot well miss the way. You will be challenged three or four times probably before you enter the camp. Give the pass-words, 'The Waxsaws,' and you will meet with no molestation.

"Is Marion now in camp?"

"He was here half an hour ago, on his way to Major Horry's outpost; but he will probably be in camp by the time you reach it. I shall be relieved by sun down, and then shall be most happy to enjoy your company on plain fare at my rude quarters."

"Many thanks to you, sir. I am a soldier as well as yourself, and I know how to eat hearty without luxuries. I shall avail myself of your kind offer."

He took his departure by the route pointed out, through thickets and landscapes similar to the path we have already described. The Major felt a great desire to see Marion, and take him by the hand. His fame as a splendid partizan officer—his sudden and ubiquitous movements; at one place to-day, and a hundred miles distant to-morrow—his courage and patriotism, were the themes of universal praise and admiration. He was the dread of every southern tory, and the fear of that bold, dashing and energetic British dragoon, Tarleton himself. No man in South Carolina had the same military attraction. Marion was beloved by all parties. In the darkest period, when his native State seemed to be entirely prostrated and at the mercy of Earl Cornwallis and Lord Rawdon, he never despaired. Summoning his legion together, with such volunteers as would follow, he would issue from the fastness of some impenetrable swamp, penetrate into the different British camps, cut off their picket guards, and carry off their horses, cattle and provisions. Next he would intercept some band of noted tories on their way to join the King's troops, and disperse them or cut them to pieces. He showed but little mercy to those who showed none to their own countrymen; yet there was no more humane or gentler heart than that of Marion.

The war in South Carolina was a bloody and exterminating one. The English tories, or loyalists—Carolinians by birth—to their shame be it said, commenced the game of putting to death the whig prisoners they took with unparalleled furiosity. Neither sex or age were spared.—Whole plantations were burnt, and the owners hung up on the trees before their own doors.—The whigs did not long submit to this, but commenced a war of retaliation. Bloody errors and wrongs were committed on both sides, murder and revenge were synonomous terms, and the strife was mutual. To the credit of Marion, be it said, that he never hung a tory when in command, except there was full proof that he had been concerned in the murder of a whig. Then, woe to the poor wretch. Pardon was out of the question.

Such was the man Major Castleton was so anxious to meet for the first time. Twice had he been challenged on his path, and he knew that he could not then be a great distance from the camp. Emerging from the cross-path, a horsemen rode alongside the officer, the road here being wide enough for two abreast. The new comer was a man rather below the middle size, of a thin, spare, but wiry frame, which looked in spite of its want of flesh, as capable of great endurance. His face was narrow, somewhat long, and wrinkled. His eye—his most attractive feature—was of lustrous, piercing black, small in its orbit but quick in its movements. His age could not be far this side of fifty. His dress was something similar to the picket officer's; but he wore a three cornered military shaped hat, with a continental cockade, and the facings of his hunting shirt were of light buff cloth. On both shoulders were faded tasseled epauletts, and his sash was of buff and blue silk. His arms were a sabre and two pistols in his holsters. His horse was a noble animal, and though not of a powerful build, was about the right weight and strength to suit the rider. The horseman cast a quick glance upon Castleton, from head to foot, who had thrown aside his cloak, displaying the buff and blue uniform of the Continental staff.

"Bound to camp?" said he to the Major.

"Yes, sir."

"Any news abroad of Stewart's movements, or of Tarleton's position?"

"Stewart is at the Eutaw, with the new regiment of Ireland, and his battalion of the 'Buffs.' The tories are joining him, which indicates a blow somewhere. Of Tarleton I have heard nothing of late."

"And Greene is at ——." Here the questioner paused, looking Castleton straight in the face, as if he knew already, but was anxious to draw out his companion.

"Burdell's tavern, seven miles distant."

"Right! I *knew* he was there. Do you bear any communication for Genaral Marion?"

"Yes, from General Greene himself."

"Ah! but what——. No matter; you will meet him in camp."

"Can you tell me, sir, if the General is now there?"

"He is not, but will be there by the time you reach it."

"What is the distance?"

"About a quarter of an hour's ride. Continue straight on. You cannot miss the road."

He waived his hand, and disappeared through a by-path into the thicket leading in another direction. The Major was once more challenged, and presently the hum of numerous voices, and a smoke ascending through the openings, told his near approach to the camp. He was close by it when there was a crushing of bushes heard, and his late companion was riding beside him. A few steps farther and the two horsemen were in the midst of a sylvan scene—a rising grassy glade, like an oasis in the swamp forest, here and there a tree, and entirely clear of underbrush, across which fell the rich golden hue of the setting summer sun. Green boughs were suspended from tree to tree—tents of the wilderness—under which reposed hardy sunburnt men, their loaded rifles within arm's length of each. Some were playing cards, or studying over a game of chequers, others fiddling lively tunes to a dancing crowd. Some were roasting and stewing savory meat over the coals, and here and there a dirty negro was superintending the roasting of sweet potatoes. Two or three beeves were suspended from the lower branches of the trees, which men were skinning and cutting up for the different camp messes.

Every one appeared to be busy or enjoying themselves. Loud jokes and peels of laughter rung round the forest encampment; and yet these men now so thoughtless and happy, were called upon to face death almost daily in conflicts and skirmishes with a bitter and unrelenting enemy. Such were Marion's men—uneducated most of them, but full of rude honor and patriotism.

"The General! the General!" cried numerous voices, as the band saw Castleton and his companion ride into the camp. Yes, the Major's unknown comrade was Marion himself.

A small guard turned out, presented arms, and the bugle saluted him with a lively tune as he rode in the direction of his tent, beckoning Gastleton to follow.

They reached a coarse canvass marquee, the only one in camp, where they dismounted, giving their horses to an orderly. The interior of the tent was occupied by a few rough benches, and a rude table upon which a black boy was placing the supper utensils, then nearly ready.

"Sit down, sir. You see I am not surrounded with the delicacies of even a plain farmer's dwelling, but still we are as comfortable as a swamp life can be. We have plenty of food such as it is, though rather rough in style of bakery. We sleep soundly at night, when the rain does not fall too heavily, and pass away the hours as pleasantly as we can on the marsh. There is no life without pain or pleasure, and we, I suppose, get our share, when we take into consideration that we live in perilous times and amid perilous duties. Now, sir, your dispatches from General Greene."

Castleton handed him the despatches, and the General quickly broke the seal and run over the contents. After perusing them twice, he paused for a moment in thought. At length he said—

"Greene wishes to strike Stewart at the Eutaw, before he is joined by too many tories. The plan I think is a good one. He orders me to join him unless I have some immediate movement on hand, and if I have, to join him as soon as I execute it. How many pieces of artillery has Greene?"

"Four."

"And the weight of their metal?"

"Three and six-pounder guns."

"Colonel Stewart, my last spy tells me, has six brass pieces, all six-pounders. He is superior in artillery, therefore; but when I join Greene, we shall out-number the enemy in cavalry, which will make it up. How did you leave Williams and Howard?"

"Col. Otho Williams has been indisposed, but is now as active as ever. Major Howard is with his battallion, and well.

"Kirkwood and his Delaware men are with Greene, I'suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"I perceive," said Marion, "that the bearer of these letters is Major Castleton; otherwise 'Mad Jack.' You see your fame has preceded you."

"I am Major Castleton, sir; my poor services have received greater fame than they deserve."

"No, no," answered Marion, laughing, "I have heard from some of the lips of the British officers I took prisoners, as well as from our friends, of the wild exploits of a certain Major Castleton, who went into Tarleton's camp on the Congaree, in broad daylight, passed himself off as an officer of the new army levies, hobnobbed with Tarleton himself over some old Maderia at dinner, pumped everything out of the usually cautious British Officer, in regard to the next campaign, and was dismissed from camp under a military salute, with a present of Tarleton's own pistols. But come, supper is ready. My staff is absent, and we will fall to."

The supper consisted of stewed and broiled venison, beefsteak, corn hoe-cake and roasted sweet potatoes—plain, but substantial and relishing fare to a couple of hungry men, for Castleton had tasted nothing since breakfast. Their drink was a flask of whiskey mixed with the cool spring water. They had nearly finished their meal, when the young officer whom Castleton had first encountered entered the tent.

"Ah! just in pot-luck time, Middleton. Draw up your stool, lad—there is plenty left. Major Castleton, Lieut. Middleton, my officer of all work—secretary, adjutant.

The Lieutenant bowed, took his seat at the board, and ate with an appetite that denoted a long fast. Having satisfied his inner man, he turned to Marion and said —"Thank God! we have got the scoundrel."

"Thank God, indeed! Where is the tory wretch?"

"Under guard with hands and feet tied."

"In half an hour's time," said Marion, grinding his teeth, "there will be one less murderer in Carolina. Call all the officers in camp together, and bring out the prisoner. Summon the witnesses—he shall have a fair trial."

Marion paced backward and forward, his dark eye lit up with unusual fire. He stopped abruptly. "Major Castleton, I request you will advocate as judge in this case. Knowing none of the parties, you can serve impartially, and you will see a specimen of our stern justice."

Five or six officers came into the tent, and a row of benches for the court were ranged outside. It yet wanted a quarter of an hour of sunset. It was a strange wild place to decide upon the life or death of a fellow mortal. The prisoner was brought in front of the court, his hands pinioned behind him. In truth, his face bore the brand of Cain—a bloated swollen one, marked with severity and cruelty in every lineament.

"John Hinchman," said Marion, in a tone and with a look of disgust. "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I hope you ain't agoin' to murder a pris'ner, General?" said the trembling villain.

"Murder you! The witnesses are here; proceed to trial, gentlemen," said Marion to the board of officers.

The first witness was a boy of tender years, fair to look upon, and gentle as a girl.

His father, mother, and eldest brother had been hung two days before by a band of tories under the command of the prisoner. It was a case of brutal murder—for the boy's unoffending parents were merely whigs, who had never taken any active part against the tories, but had only sheltered some friends of their own way of thinking. The evidence was clear and conclusive that they were hung by order of the ruffian prisoner. The boy's evidence was corroborated by that of a slave who had escaped and witnessed the execution of his master and mistress from a clump of junipers. There was no defence, and a verdict of guilty with a sentence of execution at sundown was brought in.

"Mercy! mercy! as you may wish it for yourself, General Marion!" screamed the miserable wretch.

"Contaminate not my name by mentioning it," said Marion, in a loud voice. "At sundown you die! Only two minutes more of your life remains for you. Look your last upon the tree tops, and the all but faded sun, and make your peace with God. Take him away, men, and throw the noose over one of the upper branches of yonder black oak. When the gun fires, string him up."

They dragged the miscreant away, screaming with terror, and the roosting birds rose from their lairs, mingling their discordant cries with the yell of the now short-lived wretch. The rope was thrown over the branches, and the noose placed around his neck. The sun went down, a gun was fired, and up he went dangling in the air! A few struggles of body, and horrid contortions of countenance, and then all was over.

"Major Castleton, you have witnessed," said the General, "a specimen of the justice of 'Marion's men.'"

Before the sun had fairly risen the next morning, Marion broke up his camp, sending forward the main body of his band under Horry to unite with Greene, taking with himself two hundred picked men to surprise a British outpost at Parker's Ferry, by a forced march of one hundred miles.

Miscellaneous.

'Tis Said that Absence Conquers Love.

BY F. W. THOMAS.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But, oh, believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though Fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear,
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same.
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair;
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower, to die,
So, Lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But, oh, believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.—That most eloquent of all Southerners, as I think, Mr. Prentiss of Miss., was addressing a crowd of some 4,000 people in that State, defending the tariff, and, in the course of an eloquent period which rose gradually to some beautiful climax, he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North, in glowing color, when there rose up on the vision of the assembly in the open air, a horseman of magnificent proportions; and just at the moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased, and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, "D——n the North." The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience, that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept the crowd from applauding the horseman. Prentiss turned his lame foot around and said, "Major Moody, will you rein in that steed a moment?" He assented. Said he, "Major, the horse on which you sit came from Upper Missouri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J.; the hat on your head was made at Danbury, Conn.; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass.; the linen of your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and cut in New York; and if to-day you surrender what you owe the "D——n North," you would sit shirt naked." (Laughter and loud applause.)—Speech of Wendell Philips.

A PARALLEL.—Of the great loss of life on the Central America the Philadelphia Press says:

The only parallel within our memory is that of the Amphitrite, lost off the coast of France over twenty-five years ago, with about eight hundred convicts on board, who perished in a sudden squall, the greater part of them being handcuffed and linked two-and-two, with fetters, and unable to make any effort to save themselves.

A "FAST" AGE TRULY.—A child of an emigrant family died of scarlet fever, while the cars were stopping at Oneida, on Thursday evening of last week. The bereaved parents left the corpse at the station, while the post master furnished the coffin and grave clothes for the little one, and it was buried by strangers.

SINGULAR FACT.—During the week before last, three canal boats, named Faith, Hope and Charity, were sunk in the Oswego canal, near Fulton.—*Sandusky Register.*

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.—The Ohio papers bring us news of the decease of an able, faithful and virtuous citizen, Benjamin Ruggles, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, at the mature age of seventy-four years. This worthy gentleman served his State in the Senate of the United States during three successive terms, from 1815 to 1833, and in that body of eminent men his integrity and good sense commanded the respect, while his amiable and guileless character won the esteem of all its members. In his personal qualities he resembled much the late estimable Samuel Prentiss of Vermont, for some time his contemporary in the Senate, and marked with kindred virtues—alike modest, single minded, clear-headed and faithful. They both possessed largely that best of all wisdom, the wisdom of the heart.

RIVER BOUNDARIES BETWEEN STATES.—In an opinion published in the Monthly Law Reporter for August, contained in a letter from the Hon. Caleb Cushing, Attorney General, to Mr. McClelland, late Secretary of the Interior, he decides that when a river is the boundary between two nations, its natural channel continues to be the boundary, notwithstanding any change of its course by *gradual* accretion or decretion of either bank; but if the course be changed *abruptly* into a new bed by irruption or avulsion, then the deserted river bed becomes the boundary.

GUESSING IN ALABAMA.—The Mobile (Ala.) Tribune some months ago, offered a prize of silver service, worth $300, to the person making the best guess as to the amount of the cotton crop of 1856-7. There were seventy-four guesses, ranging from 2,899,995 to 3,246,000 bales, and the service was won by Mr. Wm. H. Hamilton, of Mobile, whose guess of 2,939,537 was the nearest, and within twenty-two bales of the true amount—2,939,515. A Connecticut Yankee could hardly improve upon that guess, we guess.

METHODIST BISHOPS.—The present residences of the Bishops are as follows: Bishop Janes, New York; Bishop Scott, Wilmington, Delaware; Bishop Waugh, Baltimore, Md.; Bishop Simpson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Bishop Morris, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Bishop Ames, Indianapolis, Ind. A traveler, by taking what is called the Southern route from New York to Indianapolis, by way of the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio and Indiana railway, would pass through all these cities, with the exception of Wilmington.

A PHYSICIAN PUTTING TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE IN HIS OWN MEDICINE.—A German doctor at Urbana, Ill., the manufacturer of snake-ite medicines, caught a rattlesnake on the prairie, and took it home, and offered to let the snake bite him every time any person bought a box of his medicine for one dollar. On Sunday of last week, while fooling with his pet, it bit him in the hand. He applied his medicine without effect. On Monday he sent for a doctor, but too late—he died the same day.—*Chicago Journal.*

WHAT IS SPECIE PAYING BANK?—Is it a bank which pays specie so long as nobody wants it, but the moment there is any special call for it, "will not submit to a run!" From the example of Philadelphia, Providence, &c., we should say that in their view, this is the proper definition of a specie-paying bank. If it be a correct one, the whole idea of a specie-paying bank is a humbug. Such is not the meaning attached to the term, either here or in Boston.

One of our exchanges justly remarks that those who fail to read the advertisements in a newspaper, often lose more than they imagine. Advertisements are printed to be read just as much as any other item of news, and it is just as essential to read them. There is not an advertisement printed that is not of importance to some one. Nothing speaks more clearly of a man's prosperity in business than the manner in which he advertises.

TOLERABLY WELL PUT.—We put the Northern Kansas shriekers and Southern Kansas shriekers together—for thus their insane ravings neutralize each other. The Administration is neither intriguing to make Kansas a Slave State; nor thimble-rigging to make Kansas a free State.—It is only executing the laws, and the issue remains with the people of Kansas and with Congress.—*New York Herald.*

Mr. Buchanan was guilty of a pleasantry at the wedding of the Hon. Hiram Walbridge, the other day. He kissed the bride, and remarked with the most expressive squint, "General, you have deserted me." Important.—*Ex.*

We have said smarter things than that at a wedding a thousand times, and they never got into the papers. It does not make so much difference what you say as who says it.

DEATH OF A PIONEER PRINTER.—On Tuesday morning, Douglass Maguier, one of the oldest citizens of Indianapolis died. He went to that city among the first settlers, and in 1822 established there the "Western Censior," which was, we believe, the first paper in that place. In 1825 he changed its name to that of the "Indiana Journal," which it still remains.

AN ACCOUNT THREE MILES LONG.—The last quarterly returns or account of the business of the New York city post office, which was received at the Department in Washington at the close of the quarter, if stretched out page by page continuously, would make a string of paper quite three miles long.

The Chicago Times says that there are one hundred boys in that city regularly engaged in the business of thieving.

There are ten thousand men in that city who will steal any one's negro they get hold of, and ten thousand more who will stand by and see it done. When their sons steal, it only illustrates the force of example.—*Louisville Journal.*

A democratic editor boasts that he has made something of his party in that quarter. He must be a near relative of a woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke.

The Western Recorder, a Baptist paper, contains an account of the expulsion of a member of that church on a charge of laziness.

GRASSHOPPER FALLS CITY.—A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat gives the following account of the famous city of Grasshopper Falls, where the equally famous convention was held:

"Grasshopper Falls is a city of some five or six stores and houses and a saw mill. It has one hotel. The Grasshopper is a fine rivulet, but, like all the Kansas rivulets, no dependence can be placed on it for commercial purposes. It is nearly dry now. The hotel has one bed room, which constitutes the second story entire. Thirty-five men slept in it on the evening preceding the convention. I don't know how many slept in it the next evening, but I presume that a still larger number occupied its bed *and floor*. Did you ever sleep in a room where there were three dozen other representatives of the stern sex? If you did, pray to be delivered from it, whether you are male or female! The nasal concert is anything but musical or soul-soothing. The moral effect of such congregations is pernicious and disagreeable. I'd as soon sleep in a saw mill—viewing the subject from a musical point of view—for the snoring and breathing is more disagreeable than the sound of machinery."

THE TRESPASSERS ON THE DELAWARE LANDS IN KANSAS.—A number of men having squatted on the Delaware Indian lands in Kansas, the Secretary of the Department of the Interior has, on complaint of the Indian Agents, issued orders for their removal. The instructions of the Secretary make it the duty of the Indian agents to give public notice to these intruders to retire from the reservation. Should this not be heeded within a reasonable time, then special notice must be served upon each of them. If this course proves ineffectual, the military must be called upon to give their aid, and these parties driven off by force. Similar instructions were issued when what is now the town of Leavenworth was first squatted on, but they were never carried out.

LITERARY.—The New York Herald predicts that the present revulsion of financial affairs will be the death of hundreds of literary enterprises. It says:

"Harper's Weekly will be likely to lose half of its subscribers, and Harper's Magazine cannot expect to fare any better. As for our neighbor—the New York Ledger—we give that paper six months to die out altogether; perhaps with careful management the proprietor may protract the agony to twelve months: but it cannot last longer.

Before 1837 we had plenty of literary periodicals with extravagant circulation, and apparently excellent prospects. They all died off, however, in the crisis; and their successors of to-day will share the same fate."

The Cincinnati Gazette, which has always been violently anti-American, says of the late riots at Baltimore:

"It seems to be settled that the rioting which again disgraced the City of Monuments last week, on the occasion of electing members of the city council, originated in a strongly Democratic ward, and was commenced by foreigners. In that ward, the only one which the Americans did not carry, out of the entire twenty, the Democrats had a large majority. There is undoubtedly blame enough on both sides on all these interesting occasions. Cannot Baltimore rid herself of this mob violence, so injurious to her fame?

Some years ago an examination was made of all the accounts kept in one of the Philadelphia banks during a period of thirty years, in order to ascertain, as a question of mercantile statistics, what had been the average fate of the depositors as regarded their success in life. The result was so remarkable as to be deserving of careful study at a moment like the present, when every flash of the telegraph is fringed, not with light, but gloom. Of the whole number, seventy-five per cent. had failed, or become so trammeled with debts as to be compelled to relinquish business.

COLLECTING NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.—The Burlington Hawk Eye, lately sent an agent into the country to collect arrearage newspaper subscriptions. The agent spent six days and collected $31, charged his expenses $40,00, and his services $10,00 He kept the money collected, and demanded the other $19, which the editor refused to pay, and a lawsuit is threatened by the agent. This however is not so bad as an Illinois paper, who lately sent out an agent who run up a bill of $30,00 for expenses and services, and collected only $6,20. Certainly not very profitable.

The Stamford Advocate says that Barnum is richer than he was before his connection with the Jerome Clock Company. It is said he has bought all claims against himself for from five to twenty-five cents on the dollar, with the exception of some $15,000 held in and about Danbury. The whole of the vast property assigned by him for the benefit of his creditors, has again passed into his hands, and he is now refurnishing and refitting "Iranistan" in good style for his future residence.

A large rattlesnake was caught in Virginia a few days since, and confined in a cage. A cat which had forfeited her right to existence by sundry depredations among chickens was sentenced to go on a visit to his snakeship. Of course a fight took place, which is described as being terrific. When it ended both animals were dead.

A CURIOUS ORDER.—The Brandon (Miss.) Republican says that a merchant of that place lately filled the following bill for a country customer: Two yards of calico, four yards of domestic muslin, ten pounds of coffee, thirty-five pounds clear sides, fourteen pounds shoulders, *one gallon of whiskey, one Holy Bible, one deck of cards*, one bale of yarn and one Sacred Harp.

INTERESTING FACT.—It has been definitely ascertained, after careful inquirey, that the man who was a candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania against Packer is named Wilmot—David Wilmot. It is understood by his associates that he belongs to the Republican persuasion.